UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
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Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

No. 1—Another Voyage

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Death's Light on Human Values

By EDWARD Z. ROWELL

Historical Background of Humanism

By CURTIS W. REESE

Thoughts of Tolstoy

(*THE END*)

VOLUME CVII NUMBER 20

Chicago, July 20, 1931

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June
Published Bi-Weekly July to September

Subscription $3.00

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 10, 1930, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

General MacArthur to Clergymen

General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the Army, has written a letter to Kirby Page which does not shed luster upon his reputation. He vigorously attacks the ministers who have served notice that they do not intend to let the Christian Church again bless war if they can help it and that they will not participate in war if it comes.

Let us say that we have respect for this young general jumped over the heads of so many older officers to the highest position in the army. He is able in his own field, an executive of commanding ability and a man with a fine record. Moreover, he is entitled to his views on any great question of religion or of politics. He just happens to be in an environment where the men around him have the mentality of children on matters relating to the church and civic action. To be specific, recently these War Department "scholars," with General MacArthur present and consenting, in an interview with prominent clergymen dragged out "Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists." In better informed circles this type of literature is laughed at. It is on a par with some of the anti-Catholic propaganda. It has no standing with scholars or even with the average man who is well read. But some of the officials of the War Department take it in sober earnest, and construct charts showing the ramifications of the red menace and how prominent churchmen are involved.

Let us give General MacArthur credit for seeing the obvious. To have order and liberty we must have government. Under our system majorities must rule. Government makes its will known through law. It is the duty of citizens to obey law. Only the gravest kind of reason could justify a man in opposing the will of his government and refusing to obey law. If a man decides that he must disobey, it becomes the duty of government to punish him and his duty to take the consequences of disobedience.

What type of men make up their minds to disobey the will of governments? They are men as widely different in life as an ordinary bootlegger or hi-jacker at one extreme and George Washington at the other extreme. Revolution is disobedience to government, and unsuccessful revolutionists pay for disobedience with their lives.

In our opinion the way to change fundamental law under our system is by constitutional amendment, not by revolution, as General MacArthur points out, but that does not mean that we would now or at any other time give up our inherent right to take part in a revolution or would say that revolution always is wrong.

In our opinion the way to end war is by organizing the world for peace, and not by refusing participation in

(*Continued on page* 320)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, JULY 20, 1931 NUMBER 20

THE CITY

"The city lives:
It spreads its noisome fevers through the land
Buying and selling corn and wine, and men!
Wan children play in rags in the foul streets;
Hag-women beg for crusts from door to door;
Fair, tinkling princes strut about the courts;
Vile scarlet women throng the market-place,
Offering themselves for sale at market-price;
Whilst sordid business snatches at the dust
Upon the head of the uncomplaining poor:
A putrid hole, the city is—
And yet, 'tis where men live!

"I see it now:
Men have achieved in cities—as no one dared
Even to dream in deserts:
Life there grows great in all things—
Good and bad—
There the pulse beats high—
Eyes flash—
The living word
Leaps lightning-like, from lips to eager ears!
Great throngs gather, trembling in the thrills
Of fellow-feeling that makes thousands one."

—Joseph K. Hart, in "Prophet of a Nameless God."

Although John Haynes Holmes is far across the seas, the Editorial Board want to take this opportunity of congratulating him upon the recent honor which was bestowed upon him by St. Lawrence University at the recent commencement exercises. Mr. Holmes is now doubly D. D. The first institution to confer the honor was the theological school presided over by Rabbi Wise. Now a gentile college is added to the list of institutions which have recognized in Mr. Holmes one of the most distinguished leaders of religion in America. We hope that some day Harvard will have the courage to recognize one of its own sons. Meanwhile we congratulate St. Lawrence upon being willing to bestow the degree upon so thoroughgoing a radical, for it is not every college which is willing to bring upon itself possible criticism for receiving into its ranks of honorary alumni such a fearless and outspoken exponent of unpopular causes. Interest and color were added to the event by the fact that Mr. Andrew Mellon, noted Secretary of the Treasurer of the United States, received an honorary LL.D. at the same time and place! Imagine these two men standing shoulder to shoulder upon the same platform. There is more than humor in the situation. It shows that the "world do move," and that even a prophet in his own country may be recognized and come into his own.

As we write these lines, two items of news which are of major importance are contained in the press. The first is the significant and glorious achievement of President Hoover in bringing about a moratorium on the international debts. Probably the "average man" hails this announcement with acclaim chiefly because it means restored confidence in the business world, with its rise of prices on Wall Street, increased demand for commodities and renewed employment. While these results may be all to the good, we believe that the moratorium signifies something more far reaching and fundamental. We glory in it and congratulate the President because it is our conviction that it marks an inevitable step in progress toward a reasonable debt solution for two nations which were in the war. There is a growing conviction everywhere that the terms of the Peace will have to be radically changed. This conviction is not simply in the mind of pacifists, socialists and other radical "ists," but is rapidly spreading to the business man and average onlooker. There is an infiltration into even hard-headed men of the idea that a defeated nation, economically crushed, cannot bear the burden of a war-torn world. Just as the unemployed without wages cannot buy goods, so a world paying off billions of reparations cannot buy the ordinary commodities which are needful to the economic soundness of a people. Versailles,—the Dawes plan,—the Young plan,—the Hoover moratorium,—these are steps in a steady if slow march toward a realization that our present economic system of international relations is unsound. Now that we have a breathing spell let us use it to go on to a further step for peace. If the moratorium means renewed business prosperity, then why not some more moratoriums, and some more until the debts finally land in a tomb where they can remain permanently dead.

The other news item of major importance comes from Russia in the form of a new declaration of policy by Stalin. These Russians, accused of being hopelessly hypothetical and Quixotic are as a matter of fact,

extremely realistic and are willing to face facts when they must. Beginning with the N. E. P. promulgated by Lenin, the Bolshevik officials have proven themselves willing and able to adjust their party to changes in theory and practice. The new declaration makes a radical departure from the stand of the extreme theorists of communism,—namely, that the bourgeois system of reward for ability and hard work supplant equal wages based on need. There will be two opposite reactions to this new policy. Those who hoped to see in Russia a laboratory for the working out of a radical theory in economics will regret the compromise with the old established system of individualism which has reigned supreme in the capitalistic world since the industrial revolution. Others will hail the new policy as a step toward a more workable system and toward the final integration of Russia into the economic life of the world. If change proceeds at a rapid rate in Russia we will some day wake up to the fact that this great country, looked upon as an outlaw and feared by nearly everyone, is after all, not so "wild and woolly." We will be able to extend trade with her, recognize her politically and that will make for a more firmly established world peace. After all, progress in this world is made by compromise, although absolutists are needed to hold up the ultimate ideal. It is Stalin, not Trotsky, who will make the Russian experiment work. But Trotsky needs to lift up his voice in the wilderness!

A newly elected Governor in Massachusetts has recently uttered a brave word and thereby placed himself among the enlightened executives of the country. He commuted the sentence of death in the electric chair to that of life imprisonment in the case of a man who had committed a double murder. There did not seem to be grave doubt about the guilt of the criminal, but Governor Ely commuted the sentence solely on the grounds that he believed that the death penalty was out-moded, and that soon all civilized people would abandon it as a means of punishment. These were brave and significant words from the chief executive of a state whose legislature had recently refused to even appoint a non-partisan committee to study the whole problem. It will make the work of the Committee on Abolition of the Death Penalty much easier and ought to give courage to those faint-hearted but clear-headed persons who see the futility of the death penalty, but who are afraid of speaking their convictions. It is amazing to realize how many persons are afraid to speak their minds until they find some person of prestige ready to give respectable standing to their furtive ideals. Then when they are not alone, they bravely come to the fore with their convictions. Let us be thankful, no matter how it is done, as long as we can remove this old landmark of barbarism from our modern civilization.

This is the season of the opening of Citizens' Military Training Camps, when from every part of the country young men will flock by the thousands to learn very little about citizenship and a good deal about soldiering. It seems to us that from every point of view these camps are a serious blunder on the part of the government. First, because now, more than ever before in the entire history of man, we need to throw all our energy into making peace real, while these camps are an obvious continuance of the old distrust. Secondly, because the young men who spend a few weeks taking this training see all the glamour and advantage of military life with none of its horrors. They are, therefore, apt to be so many added recruits for propaganda in building up bigger armies and navies. In the third place, it puts us in a bad light from the international point of view, making it possible for other governments to point to us as excuses for their own militarism. And lastly, in these days of unemployment and economic depression, it seems inexcusable to spend these hundreds of thousands of dollars which must become added burdens for the taxpayer, when every available cent ought to go to constructive measures of business rehabilitation and relief of destitute families. We want to most earnestly reiterate the proposition we made in these columns some years ago; namely, that for every man who goes to a Citizens' Military Training Camp there should be a young man or woman consecrated to use his influence for the struggle for peace. Can it be done? Who will do it? Here is a definite, concrete challenge!

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Historical Background of Humanism

Basically there are three major philosophies of life —the materialistic, the theistic, and the humanistic. The modern humanist finds both materialism and theism unsatisfactory.

Unfortunately for materialism, the atom has been found to consist of lesser units of uncertain nature, which sometimes take on rather spooky ways of behaving. Any effort to explain the nature of matter requires the use of terms that are suggestive of anything else but a block universe.

The modern humanist also finds the theistic philosophy of life not sufficient to account for the doings

of the cosmos. Theism takes such terms as "moral," "intelligent will," and the like and applies them to a totality which is non-human, though including the human. The universe seems to be either above or below good and evil, and irreconcilable with theistic concern for human affairs.

All that humanism itself can claim is that it offers possibly fewer difficulties as a philosophy of life than do materialism and theism. It does not claim to be free from difficulties.

Neither the antiquity nor the modernity of an idea, as such, is an argument for or against the validity of an idea. True, there might be some practical advantage in starting a movement *de novo,* provided, of course, one could find an idea that had no history. However, this may be, humanism has a history and must make the most of it.

Into the field of Greek thought some 500 B. C. came a group of teachers called Sophists. Protagoras was perhaps the greatest of this group. He it was who gave us the text, "Man is the measure of all things." Protagoras applied Heraclitus' doctrine of flux to the human mind. He had his doubts about the existence of the gods, and what is more, he said so quite frankly. Moreover, he taught the relativity of truth. Such heresy was not to be tolerated. Protagoras was banished and perished at sea. This victory by force of the orthodoxy of that day was one of the greatest blows ever dealt to the free inquiry of free minds. But a mere physical victory could not forever retard the teachings involved.

The modern humanist is indebted in no small degree to the ancient Sophists in several respects, among them, the teaching that reality is to be altered for human ends, that knowledge is instrumental, that education is a real change of attitude and not the mere possession of facts, and that language is for the control of facts not to supply material for verbal acrobatics.

The humanists of the Renaissance period were a diverse group but in the main they agreed on making much use of Greek and Latin classics which attended more to the human situation and less to so-called divine matters than was the case with their contemporaries. Moreover, they restored the experimental method, secularized culture, and regarded knowledge as instrumental. While many of this period made the typical mistake of putting new wine into old bottles they nevertheless did much to restore human worth and dignity.

Also the enlightenment period, from the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, might properly be termed humanistic. This period was marked by renewed emphasis on science and human reason in the effort to free the mind from dogmatism and authority and to cast new light upon religious feelings and sentiments. The enlightenment period was a continuation of the spirit of both the Renaissance and the Reformation. It marked a rather complete break with theological cultural norms.

The religion of humanity led by Comte, while somewhat artificial, was in its doctrines and practices thoroughly non-theological and so belongs in the humanist tradition.

Into the immediate background of modern humanism must be incorporated the life and the teachings of John Dewey, and also the whole modern scientific and educational and realistic movements in so far as they aim to discover, create, or control facts for human ends without regard to theological loyalties.

Thus it may be seen that humanism is well rooted in the past.

Also Humanism is *the modern attitude toward life grown into a philosophy of life.* But that is another story.

CURTIS W. REESE.

What Price Christian Education?

[*Based on an Actual Incident*]

"We must save money for the cause of Christ."
So union carpenters were too high priced.

One of the working scabs, awkward, unskilled,
Fell from an upper story and was killed.

Yet do not grieve. His death saved many dollars
To teach the Sudanese to wear white collars.

And to believe upon the kind of Christ
Inspiring those, by whom this life was sacrificed

To aid the cause of Christian education—
Which only can save this ungodly nation.

I hope this college has a young mathematician
Crammed full of scholarship and high ambition,

Who'll write a thesis showing what they save
Per every worker thus dumped in the grave,

Spreading glad tidings of this thrifty knowledge
To every zealous truly Christian college.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Little Road

Alluring road that winds away to meet horizon's blue,
You may go up, you may go down, but let me fare with you.
For I am surfeited with walls and long to see the sky,
Where castled clouds are bearing dreams, like wild geese sailing high.

I want to take the steep incline and stand upon a hill,
Then dip into a valley, like a pool, serene and still.
I long to feel the touch of God away from brick and stone,
And rest upon a sloping bank that grass has overgrown.

I know the vistas calling me among the boughs of trees,
Where myriad flowers are spilling scent on every wooing breeze.
My heart would chant if I could hear elusive thrushes sing,
Or see the golden finches rise, with song upon the wing.

Alluring road you tempt me so! Your call is urging me
To come where light is prodigal and winds are sweet and free.
You fling a gestured invitation, saying, "Come, my friend,
And God Himself will walk with us where God and nature blend."

ANNA BALMER MYERS.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

I. *Another Voyage*

I

This is my seventh voyage on the sea, but the excitement is as fresh and wonderful as ever. For how many centuries have ships been sailing from port to port, but not yet has passed the thrill of feeling the vessel swing into the tide and head away for the unknown adventures of the deep. Who are the more deeply touched as the farewells are shouted back and forth—the crowded visitors on the dock or the crowded passengers on the deck? It is hard to say—there are smiles and tears, cries of joy and moans of sorrow, upon both sides. The universal fact remains that nobody, either aboard or ashore, can see a great ship start upon an ocean voyage without being caught by some profound emotion.

With me the emotion continues, even during the quietest days upon the sea. The geography of the ship, the routine of the voyage, the horizon and the sky, all these are now familiar. But still today, as on the first day, in 1913, when I saw before me and about me, from a steamer's deck, the vast stretch of the Atlantic, I am profoundly stirred. In this I seem to find one explanation at least of this curious moving of the spirit. Does it not lie in the fact that at sea, as nowhere else upon the planet, anything may happen at any moment? In spite of all the marvelous inventions and contrivances of modern navigation, there still remains the mystery, and the vast peril, of the unconquered deep. The unexpected, the unfamiliar, the strange, the terrible, may at any moment, without the slightest warning, be upon us. It may be, as it was yesterday, only the swish of a whale's tail, or the far booming of a steamer's whistle in the fog. But it may be a disabled "tramp," an empty dory, a sunk *Titanic*. Day after day, year after year, ships cross and recross the mighty waters without accident or even incident, but suddenly may come to any ship the shattering power of the storm or the devouring fury of the flame. Subconsciously with every one of us—an inheritance, perhaps, of the days when a sea-voyage was matching stakes with fortune—is the feeling, as the good ship sails away, that all the chances of life and death are here engaged. Anything may happen—the best and the worst, the trivial and the momentous, the beginning and the end! So men are stirred, and the dullest hour is pregnant with adventure.

II

Thus far on this voyage, the fourth day out, nothing has happened. If there is adventure, it lies all ahead. So I walk the decks pondering the days before me. Three days more to Queenstown, then another day to Liverpool, then the fast boat-train to London! It seems foolish that I should have come to England——paid ten hard-won dollars for a British visa, when my goal is the continent and I propose to stay in Britain only four or five short days. But how can one cross the sea and not catch a glimpse of the English countryside, see again "the gray spires of Oxford," feel the pulse-beat of the Strand and Trafalgar Square, and make one quiet, solitary pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey? I must do these things once more, if only to refresh myself from the wellsprings of my life. For I am English in blood and brawn. From both sides of my family flow pure and unadulterated the streams that have their origins in England. The moors and dales of that most lovely land, the cathedrals and monuments of glory, the treasured dust of poets, premiers and priests, these are all my own. This soil is sacred to my feet; this air is tonic to my blood. The whole island is to me a precious mine of memory. For the Britain that is an empire of pomp and power I have as little use as for the America that is a republic of sham and shame. But for the England that is a garden of natural beauty, a heritage of literature and science, a fount of freedom, and an altar of glorious achievement, I have a reverence which is second only to that for my native "land of the Pilgrim's pride." To visit England, if only for a few days, is to touch the embers of my spirit as to the living coals of some sacred shrine, and feel them burn again.

But I cannot stay in England—only pause there, as some pilgrim might pause at a cathedral door upon his appointed journey. So I shall soon cross the Channel to Holland, perhaps Belgium, and then hasten on to Germany, where I shall drift from place to place, from person to person, in this unhappy country which holds at this moment, in her own distraction and distress, the fate of Europe and the peace of the world. My visit to Germany will be broken, if plans go not astray, by several weeks in Soviet Russia, in the cities and on the farms, with the commissars and among the peasantry. Coming out of Russia *via* Poland, I shall hasten through Austria and Switzerland, and back to Germany, where I shall probably remain until my boat summons me to Cherbourg for the return voyage to New York in late September. Apart from Russia I have no fixed itinerary, no plans which cannot and may not be changed for good and sufficient reasons, like a railroad time-table, "without notice." I shall go at any moment where I think I can see the best and learn the most.

III

For such a journey, how am I equipped? Few trappings, of course, for in Europe trunks, and even bags, are a nuisance! One is foolish to take more than one extra suit, one extra pair of shoes, sufficient changes of underclothing, and enough shirts and collars. Books are always my problem. I must have reading matter, for to be without books, even amid the novelties and excitements of a strange country, is torture. But one cannot travel light, and at the same time carry 'round a library! One must have only a few volumes, these bound in small editions and containing material which can be read the tenth or twelfth time, as well as the first, with undiminished interest. What shall such books be—enough to cover the bottom of my hand-bag, and no more?

First, a Bible! I have an edition about five inches long, three inches wide, less than an inch thick, and printed on the thinnest paper and in the smallest print. Here indeed is a *multum in parvo*—a whole great

library between two narrow covers. But I must keep it well out of sight when I go into Russia!

Next, a small, leather-bound, India paper edition of Shakespeare's tragedies. This will fill with excitement and splendor the hours of many a lonely night.

Next, a volume of Emerson's essays—one of the little books from that charming pocket edition of the complete works of the Concord sage, which was so popular years ago, but which I have not seen recently in the bookshops! It is the delight of Emerson that one can dip into his writings anywhere, read for five or ten minutes, and always discover some nugget of pure gold.

Side by side with this, a copy of Plato's "Republic"—the little blue-and-gold edition published by Macmillan! If I exhaust this in the next three months, I shall be doing well.

Then, of course, some poetry! An anthology is best when one is on the wing. So I have chosen E. V. Lucas's "little book for wayfarers," entitled "The Open Road." Here are all the great names—and all in a volume no larger than a note-book.

Also, there must be a novel! This time I have chosen Thackeray. Not because he is my favorite novelist, but rather in this case because he has more substance and wisdom than perhaps any other writer of English fiction. Also, I have a chance copy of "Pendennis," which is as finely printed as my Bible, in double-columned pages—a sore trial to the eyes, but an amazing economy of space.

Lastly, that I may brush up my French and have the cross-word puzzle fun of disentangling and recombining the words of a foreign tongue, a paper-covered volume of Voltaire, his immortal "Candide" and other stories. This is not difficult to read, and is the most beautiful French prose ever written.

These, with a few Baedekers, are my "desert-island" books. I think I have chosen well. These masterpieces have not grown old yet in years gone by—they will not grow old with me in the weeks that lie before. In the hustle and bustle of trying to keep up with contemporary literature, books like these are all too much neglected. I shall have time, now, to renew acquaintanceship with works that do not pass, but endure forever. And perhaps I shall learn the folly of letting such books lie idle upon the shelves while grabbing at "new books" which, like water in a running stream, wet the fingers, but slip through, and leave nought behind.

IV

Than this particular voyage nothing more uneventful could be imagined. There was persistent fog in the first few days, but this is no event in the north Atlantic in mid-June. Apart from these blanketing mists, there has been nothing, day after day, but the smooth sea, the peaceful sky, the far horizon, and the steady throbbing of the ship. Even on the ship itself there has been no excitement—no quarrels, no love affairs, no hard-fought games, only that routine of voyaging which to the true traveler is in itself a source of endless diversion. I like it all except the unescapable irritation of pushing the clock ahead as the ship moves steadily east. This shortening of the day, or rather of the night, is never pleasant. One sits in the library or on the deck till the reasonable hour of ten, or ten-thirty, only to discover as one descends to the stateroom that at eleven-thirty the clock will be moved forward three-quarters of an hour. So it is not ten, or ten-thirty at all, but already close to midnight, and the night's rest will be short. This is bad enough for the ordinary passenger like myself, but I have discovered on this trip that there are certain persons to whom the change of time presents a serious dilemma.

My stateroom on the "Scythia," as it happens, is an inside room just opposite the Purser's office. This is an awkward location, for this office is doing business much of the time, and there is almost constant noise and confusion. Also there is much conversation, and unwittingly I overhear the talk of passersby. On the second night out I was in my berth, reading by the table lamp. A steward was on duty just outside my door, standing by the ship's clock which told the official time. It was 11:20, most of the passengers had gone to bed, and all was still. Suddenly I heard a man's voice, speaking in a tone of inquiry:

"I understand that you put this clock ahead 45 minutes at just half-past eleven?"

"Yes, sir," said the steward, in his attractive Cockney accent.

"Then in just ten minutes," continued the voice, "it will be not eleven-thirty, but quarter past twelve?"

"That's right, sir," replied the steward, while I pricked up my ears and wondered what kind of a fool it was who could not understand the simple adjustment of the time.

"But does that mean," the voice went on, "that it is *really* quarter past twelve, or is it still *really* eleven-thirty?"

"Well, it all depends, sir," said the steward. "If you put your watch ahead now with this clock, why it's quarter past twelve. But if you wait till morning, as most of the passengers do, why, it's only eleven-thirty."

By this time I had dropped by book and was pondering Einstein and relativity.

"You probably think this is funny," said the voice (I certainly did!) "but you see, I'm a priest, and I have to say my prayers before twelve o'clock, and it takes me a half an hour to say them. Now, if it's really eleven-thirty, I'm all right. But if it's going to be twelve-fifteen when you move that clock, why—," and the voice trailed away into the vague distress of uncertainty and doubt.

"Well, I tell you, sir," said the steward. (Perhaps he had met Catholic priests before!) "I tell you! If I was you, I'd leave my watch alone and say my prayers just as usual. If you start right in, sir, you'll be all right. And then, when you're done, you can move your watch, or wait until morning for that matter—and there you are!"

The voice didn't speak again. Footsteps went quietly down the passageway. Did the priest follow this sage advice? Did he say his prayers in time? What *is* time, to man—to God? And what are prayers said to the ticking of a clock?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

S. S. "Scythia," in mid-Atlantic

Death's Light on Human Values*

Tradition tells us concerning the last days of Socrates that when a delegation of men came to him to inform him that the tyrants had condemned him to death, he replied, in his usual spirited manner, "And *nature* has condemned them."

There is something significantly modern in that reply. Here are we, people of the twentieth century, and it seems as if many of us have scarcely begun to give up the old myths and superstitions, and to adopt the view that death may be thought of as a natural event in human experience. Just around the corner from our own home, or in the next block, there are still people to whom death is an inexplicable, demonic thing.

According to the data of anthropology man has usually tended to think of death in the darkest possible way. Among many primitive peoples the general tendency apparently prevails to associate death with the work of demons. It seems that they can take death in what we would call a rational way if the experience comes through some visible violence, but that they are thrown into hysterias of black imaginings when death comes through more subtle ways. Thus death becomes a terror to be held in dread.

Christianity has been far from free of similar tendencies. Accepting the old Hebrew myth of the fall of man Christian dogma thought of death as an unnatural thing, a consequence of the fall, a punishment for sin. In the fourteenth century Christianity developed that awful representation of death as a black-hooded skeleton, a sinister fiend, going about and stalking its prey on the highways and in the homes of men. Here was a terror indeed, for death seemed less the servant of God and more the servant of the devil, seeking to apprehend the soul unprepared through timely repentance to avoid everlasting damnation in hell.

True, Christianity did not do just that. It pictured a sweet and peaceful death for the faithful. It asserted its faith in a glorious resurrection. It promised great heavenly rewards for devoted workers for the Kingdom. And Christian dying was often more heroic than any dying in the history of mankind. John Wesley once said, "Our people die well." And they did.

And yet the Christian preachers never failed to use the terror of death as a cudgel wherewith to lash the human heart into deepfelt repentance and submission to the teaching of the church. Even the enlightened educator Comenius, one of the thoughtful men of the seventeenth century, in writing his admonitions to a pious life, used the subject of death with as much cruelty as ever our Jonathan Edwards used the subject of hell for a similar purpose. For the most part these preachers considered death not as a friend of man, but as a demonic enemy.

Thank heaven that for us those horrors are gone. Not that death has suddenly become a welcome caller in our homes. That can only rarely be so. Our gratitude is for the fact that the old demonology is gone and that we can think of death in a way that frees rather than enslaves the mind.

That the conception of death as a natural event in life is fully established among us is attested for us in many ways. The existence of Dr. Pearl's book dealing with the biology of death shows that we place the subject at least in part among the natural sciences. The suggestions made to the world by Mechnikov, famous collaborator with Pasteur, that we can overcome the fear of death by doubling or trebling the span of life, and so find ourselves glad to die, is evidence of the same fact. There is no magic here, no superstition, no appeal to irrational credulity. We are still in the realm of natural science. And even when we consider the doctrines of the French Bergson, the doctrine that in the war with matter spirit will finally be victorious and death will cease, we find ourselves in an intellectual realm where the modern mind might still feel happily at home. We need have no fear that superstition will again grip our hearts and minds in its painful grasp and that death can once more become the ugly monster of the night.

All of that cannot, of course, mean that we can now contemplate death without emotion. Someone has said that death is like the sun, we cannot endure looking at him too steadily. But that we can think of him with a healthy rationality, that is the essence of the modern attitude.

But why should we wish to think of death at all? It was perfectly logical for our fathers to do so. They lived in dread of eternal hell. Their chief concern was to meet death fully redeemed through faith and assured of a place in heaven. They couldn't forget death. It was their salvation to keep death in mind. For us, however, it would seem best to forget. For us this would appear to be the best philosophy; to put into life all that we can, to get out of life all that we can, and to let death overtake us absorbed in these pursuits.

This has been rather generally the modern attitude. And it has been on the whole a wholesome one. Let us work and play and let us die in the harness! What could be more sensible than that?

But must we assume that because for us the terrors of hell are gone, death can have nothing to teach us? Must we conclude that for us of this modern age death can have no urgent message, no light to throw on the life we live? How can this be so? People who have been at death's door tell us that in those crucial moments they could see life in a way they did not see it before. They speak of their new estimate of things of this world and of the way they would wish to live, had they another chance. And people who have watched at the death-beds of their loved ones speak in the same way. Mankind calls those moments the dark hours. Often they are far from dark. Often they are hours of great light, hours when all the numberless values of life re-catalogue themselves according to unaccustomed scales, hours when death has much to say about what in life is worth while. Why, then, should we leave this authority on life's values out of life's councils? What can we possibly gain by just forgetting?

Unfortuntely, of course, death does not speak to us with a clear voice. It does not, in fact, speak at all. Death only plays on the strings of our hearts and it is for us to make out what these say. But our hearts are usually so pitifully confused that the message seems chaotic. Is it, then, ever clear? It must

*A sermon by the author after the death of his wife. Preached in the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, California, May 24, 1931.

be so, for thoughtful people everywhere seem to find in those moments one fundamental note the teaching of which is unmistakable.

What, then, is that message? What does death say?

The message of death is that among the multitudinous activities and pursuits of life there is a higher order of values, a loftier standard of things to which alone we should give our loyalty.

Not all the pursuits of life are of equal worth, death tells us. If we doubt this, let us ask ourselves what becomes of our little vanities when death comes? How do we rate all our little prestige-seeking adjustments, when death comes? How proud are we of our record of the cruelties of self-will, when death comes? How happy are we over those petty emotions that have paralyzed our capacity for friendship, when death comes? When death comes, we feel the urge to abandon all the pettiness of life and to live only for what is great. When death comes, the petty things seem petty indeed, and the things that the wise men of the world have rated highly seem suddenly to be truly great. There is a higher order, a loftier standard governing the pursuits of life. Choose that. That is the message of death.

This message is a challenge to our age. It is just what our times need. We live in an age of spiritual fog. It is an age of disillusionment. It is an age in which distinctions between values are seriously blurred. It is an age which emphatically condemns nothing. It is an age in which we wonder if one moral standard is better than another. It is an age when it means almost nothing to be a Christian. It is an age which uses its science to show that religion and art and love are nothing but manifestations of sex, and that morality is just convention grown old and usually useless. It is an age which is blind to differences between the high and the low, the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the right and the wrong, the noble and the common.

Have I overdrawn the picture? Lest you think so—lest you think that a mood has just come over me which will pass as a cloudy day—let me read how Lipman characterizes the feelings of modern man in his "Preface to Morals." Says he:

> At the heart of modern man there are likely to be moments of blank misgivings in which he finds that the civilization of which he is a part leaves a dusty taste in his mouth. He may be very busy with many things, but he discovers one day that he is no longer sure they are worth doing. He has been much preoccupied; but he is no longer sure he knows why. He has become involved in an elaborate routine of pleasures; and they do not seem to amuse him very much. He finds it hard to believe that doing one thing is better than doing any other thing, or in fact, that it is better than doing nothing at all. It occurs to him that it is a great deal of trouble to live, and that even in the best of lives the thrills are few and far between. He begins more or less consciously to seek satisfactions, because he is no longer satisfied, and all the while he realizes that the pursuit of happiness was always a most unhappy quest. In the later stages of his woe he not only loses his appetite, but becomes excessively miserable trying to recover it. And then, surveying the flux of events and the giddiness of his own soul, he comes to feel that Aristophanes must have been thinking of him when he declared that "Whirl is king, having driven out Zeus."

And to this age death would say that there *are* differences between things; that there *are* standards of the higher and the better. The nursery philosophy which says "the world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings" is an infantile philosophy without perception and understanding.

We have heard it said that life is just eating and drinking and the seeking of stimulations. But when death comes, how important do these things seem? Death singles out *achievement* in some human cause and makes that seem great. Not self-indulgence, not passivity, but achievement rates high in death's scale.

We have heard it said that life is an urge of the individual ego to secure for itself all the possible possessions and satisfactions. But when death comes, how important do these things seem? Death singles out Love and makes that seem great. Not self-seeking, not egotism, but Love rates high in death's scale.

We have heard it said that life is just an irregular process of adjustments to the physical and social environment. But when death comes, how significant does all that seem? Death singles out individuality, the courage to be and do, the will to lead, and makes that seem great. Not easy adaptability, not characterless adjustments, but the intrinsic power to be an individual rates high in death's scale.

We have heard it said that the true pattern of life rests on the skill of its techniques, that quality matters little, that success is the measure of all our efforts. We have been told that in business earnings alone count, that in social life prestige is the highest desideratum, that in all our undertakings the effectiveness of what we do matters most. But when death comes, how fine does this principle seem? Death singles out integrity of mind and heart and makes that seem great.

When death comes, achievement stands the burning test but indulgence turns to dross. When death comes, love rises in a light of glory but self-seeking is abashed and hides in the darkness. When death comes, individuality is gratefully prized but easy adaptability to every condition and wind of opinion gets the mark of cheapness. When death comes, integrity draws all men to herself, while characterless success makes us ashamed. These are the higher values of life. These are the things that look greater in death while a multitude of other values dwindle in their worth until we refuse to look at them again. Death gives the lie to the philosophy which rates all things on a common level.

But, may not death be wrong? Age is often wrong in its estimate of youth. May not death be similarly wrong in his estimate of life?

Perhaps death is a little wrong. Perhaps his standards are too high, for how could we follow only that which death cannot destroy? But death is by no means wholly wrong, for death is not the only seer who today is pointing out the need of better standards for our living. The demand for standards is in fact the theme of our age. On every hand since the close of the war thoughtful men in every field have expressed this same call for the clarification of the foundation of life's values. Death is not wrong. Our age demands a courageous raising of standards, a new development of distinctions between good and bad, right and wrong, high and low, beautiful and ugly, noble and ignoble. And this age cannot go down in

history as spiritually great unless it somehow satisfies that demand.

Again, we may ask, is even what death cannot destroy assured of absolute permanence? Is the strife worth while? May it not be that some day in a great cosmic catastrophe planet will clash with planet and the star dust of many bodies will re-shape itself into something new, leaving no trace of what earthly man had wrought?

That is possible. We cannot tell. The problem of the preservation of our values, the problem of immortality, is still a baffling problem. It may be unsolvable. Be that as it may, however: It is possible for us to assume towards the demands of life one of the two attitudes pictured so strikingly in Stevenson's little story of the three pilgrims. In that story Stevenson tells us of three men who went on a pilgrimage. One was a priest, another a man of virtue, and the third an ordinary fellow who carried an axe on his shoulder. The priest and the man of virtue were in constant conversation, while the man with the axe was silent. The subject of that conversation was religious faith. The priest declared that he believed because he found operative in the universe a law of compensation. He pointed out as an example the fact that the nightingale was a humble looking little bird while the peacock was clothed in splendor, but that as compensation the former had the gift of song while the latter could utter only a raucous cry. The man of virtue scorned such a foundation for faith. His claim was that he could believe because he was sure of the triumph of what is right. Presently the wanderers came upon a peacock which could sing like a nightingale. The priest's faith suffered a terrific blow. But he recovered himself quickly and declared that here was a miracle, a peacock sang like a nightingale. Here, then, in miracle, would be the foundation of his faith. The man of virtue smiled. The man with the axe said nothing. Soon they came upon a fakir who did wonderful things. For a moment the priest exulted in the spectacle. Here was a miracle again. But suddenly the cards fell out of the fakir's sleeve. The priest's faith was now completely gone. It was now the virtuous man's turn. He had faith, he said, because the heavens were on the side of right and right should prevail. But presently a messenger came running toward them with the tidings that the citadel of the gods had been attacked by the forces of the devil and that the gods were losing out. Another faith was gone. But the priest and the man of virtue were very adaptable men and they turned around and hastened to make up with the devil to get on the winning side. As they started away, they turned and saw that the man with the axe was proceeding straight ahead. They shouted at him, "Where are you going, you with the axe?" And he replied, "I am off to die with the gods."

Suppose, then, that the higher values of life should not have absolute permanence: it would be better to be overtaken at the end dying with the gods, than to be overtaken bargaining with the devil for a little more of that life implied in the nursery philosophy.

EDWARD Z. ROWELL

Two Parables

(1) Monuments

In the recurring wars that are waged between groups with the will to power, the dreams of the idealist are used as a lure to entice the support of simple folk who would remain neutral if the hidden causes of the struggle were discovered. The idealist, himself the dupe of his visions, marches ahead of whichever host makes use of his ideology, and is the first to fall, shot both back and front.

His utility thus increased, his bones are carefully collected and a momument erected over them, so that those who were too old to die may bring to it on pilgrimage the children of those were young enough to die, there to say to them:

Children, here lie the bones of him for whose ideals your parents gave their lives. True, his dreams have not as yet been fully realized, but the future holds a hope. We must be content, meanwhile, to progress slowly, so as not to disturb the social structure by impatient desires for improvement. Young people, however, must be ever ready to fight for the preservation of the social structure when danger threatens it.

(2) Astral Antidote

At dusk an old man stood high on a hill to the east of Mocantoc, waiting for the night. Though the air was sweet and cool, and the tumult of day ended, his heart was like a bank of snow under which green things have ceased to grow. Gazing at the starless sky, he spoke thus:

Lord, art Thou Lord? And art Thou good? My eyes have countless times seen the moon pale before the sun, and daily with the light the winds have brought the sound of great numbers mourning. Even today, seeking a blossom I had seen by chance a day ago, in my haste I trod upon a burdened ant, ending its helpful life. When I found the blossom, its withered petals hung brown. In my bewilderment I thought, "Why maketh the Lord the sun to shine? It were better darkness fall upon a land where Beauty endureth not, and Chance doth precede justice." In my youth the heat of faith warmed my blood, but now doubts chill me. Nightly I watch the stars light their fires in the deepening blue, until the sky seems a plain on which a vast host has camped. Delighting at the sight, I forget to doubt. But no man can work all day and watch the stars all night; neither do the stars shine in the daytime. Unseen Master, send some sign to brighten my cheerless days; quiet the turbulence of my confusion, and give me answers to the questions of the young.

While the old man spoke, the last rays of the sun withdrew from beyond the hills, and far in the open sky a star shone. Long after the wind had carried his words above, the old man waited for a sign, but no sign came; instead the single star shone. Its rays traveled the long journey through clear, cold space to transfix the watcher on the hill. And while he breathless quivered at the flame's point, the blue of twilight darkened to purple, till by a sudden magic the night glittered with many jeweled shapes. Later the silver on a half-grown moon began to gleam.

Down below, the valley had become a pool of black in whose depths the glow of lighted windows seemed a reflection of the luster of stars. The sound of voices calling no longer rose to disturb the hush of evening, and the dogs had ceased barking. Alone the old man stood, and as the night grew in mystery and beauty, in his exultation his spirit seemed to leave his body, so unaware was he of earthly forms. In fear he wondered where his body was, half hoping he would not find it.

ROY C. PORTEOUS.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

CXV

1.

If you say to yourself that the will of God is in all that happens, and if you believe that the will of God is always good, you will fear nothing, and life for you will always be good.

2.

Man can avoid the misfortunes that God sends him, but there is no salvation from the misfortunes that he makes for himself by his evil life.

3.

Everyone has his own cross, his own yoke, not in the sense of a burden, but in the sense of the true life; and if we look on this cross, not as a burden but as true life, it will be easy for us to bear it. It is easy for us to bear it when we are meek, submissive, humble in heart; it is still easier when we renounce ourselves; easier yet when we bear this cross every hour, as Christ taught; and ever easier, if we forget ourselves in the work of the spirit, as we forget ourselves in worldly works. The cross that is sent us, this is what we must work over, and our whole life lies in this work. If the cross be illness, bear it submissively; if it be offense from men, learn to return good for evil; if it be humiliation, be humble; if it be death, accept it with thankfulness.

4.

"For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing," is said in John VI, 38-39; that is to say, I should preserve, cultivate in myself and bring to the highest possible degree of divinity, that spark of reason which has been given and entrusted to me, as a child to its nurse. What is necessary in order to fulfil this? Not the satisfaction of lust or human glory, but on the contrary, self-restraint, humility, labor, struggle, want, suffering, humiliation, persecution—the same thing that is said many times over in the Gospel. And this same thing that we need is sent to us in the most diverse forms, both in small measure and in great. If only we could accept it in the way it should be accepted, as a work that is necessary for us, and therefore joyous, and not as an exasperating thing that disturbs our animal existence, which we count as life.

5.

Despondency and ill-temper are not only a torment to those about us, but they are contagious. And, therefore, a well-bred man, since he does everything that would be unpleasant to others privately, will also give himself up to despondency and ill temper in private.

6.

A man complains that he is weak and cannot work. To complain that I cannot do what I formerly did is just as unreasonable as to complain that I cannot fly like a bird. All that I need to do in any situation whatsoever is to renounce my own will and give myself up to the will of Him who sent me. It may be that he needs me to do nothing, and to be a snare for others. As He wills.

7.

A man who does not recognize the benefit of suffering has not yet begun to lead a rational life, that is, a true life.

CXVI

1.

There is no time. There is only *now*, this instant. And in it, in this instant, lies our whole life. Hence one must put all one's strength into this instant.

2.

Love is the manifestation of the divine substance, for which there is no time. Hence love manifests itself only in the present, now—in each moment of the present.

3.

There is not a single deed in the life of the flesh that does not bear within it the possibility of disastrous consequences both for the doer and for others. Ignorance of this is the indispensable condition of life; for full knowledge would exclude the possibility of life. This ignorance decreases only in such measure as a man's activities are transferred from the fleshly to the spiritual sphere; in such measure as a man lives, not for the attainment of material ends, but for the attainment of a spiritual end—the union of his will with the will of God.

4.

A man who leads a spiritual life, that is, who lives at one with God, although he cannot know the consequences of his acts, still knows surely that these consequences will make for good.

5.

"I shall do that when I grow up. I shall live thus when I finish my studies or when I marry. I shall manage thus-and-so when I have children, when I have arranged a marriage for my son, or when I get rich, or when I move to another place."

Children and grown people and old people speak thus, but no one knows whether he will live until the evening. In all these matters we cannot know whether we shall have a chance to do them, or whether death will prevent our doing them.

There is only one thing with which death cannot interfere: death cannot interfere with our fulfiling, in each hour we live, the will of God—that we should love men.

6.

A man sowed a seed and was always anxious to know whether it would soon put forth a sprout; and in order to find out whether it had begun to sprout he dug up the seed and looked at it. And in digging up the ground about the seed, he injured the sprout, and the seed bore no fruit.

It is the same with people, when instead of working, they contemplate their work with admiration and want to see the fruits of their deeds. Labor incessantly, set no time limit for yourself. And the fruit will come in its own time.

7.

No man has known, knows or can know whether good for himself and others will result from what he is doing.

I went to visit someone, to make merry—a quarrel arose, and evil came of it. I rented some extra land and sowed it, expecting to better myself, and I was ruined. And so with everything.

It is not given man to know what is profitable for him. He can only know one thing at all times—which acts are good and which are not. Hence, it is above all necessary to do what you surely know to be good. It is necessary to act so, moreover, because the consequences of a good deed are always of the very best, both for others and for ourselves, although we cannot say in advance what this very best will be, or in what it will consist.

8.

Let us guess, as much as we like, about life in the future, but let love be inseparable from us in the present.

CXVII

1.

Only one who has not really thought about life can fail to believe in immortality. If man is merely a physical being, death is the end of something insignificant. But if man is a spiritual being, and the soul has only been living temporarily in the body, death is but a change.

2.

A certain wise man was saying that the soul is immortal. And they asked him, "Well, what will happen when the world comes to an end?" He answered "I don't need the world, to keep my soul from dying."

3.

Our body limits the divine, spiritual essence that we call the soul. And this limitation gives form to the divine essence, as a vessel gives form to the liquid or gas contained in it. When the vessel is broken, that which was contained in it is poured forth and ceases to have the form that it had. Does it unite with other matter? Does it take on a new form? Of this we can know nothing, but we know surely that it loses the form it had in its limitation, because that which limited it has been destroyed. This we know, but we cannot know anything of what will happen to that which was limited. We only know that after death the soul becomes something different, something of which we can form no idea.

4.

The consciousness of immortality is natural to the soul of man. Only the evil that we do deprives us of this consciousness, and deprives us of it in proportion to the evil that we do.

5.

The son lives always in his father's house, and the day-laborer lives there but temporarily. Hence the son will not live as the day-laborer: he will care for his father's house, and will not think, like the laborer, only of receiving his pay. If a man believes that his life does not end with death, he will live as a son in the house of his father. If life is only that which is in this world, he will live as the day-laborer, striving to gather as much as possible in this life.

And every man must first of all decide the question, Do we die altogether in the death of the flesh, or not; and if not, precisely what is immortal in life? Once we understand that there is something mortal and something immortal in us, it is clear that we shall take more thought in this life for what is immortal than for what is mortal.

6.

To remember death occasionally means to live without the thought of it. We should not remember death occasionally, but should live quietly, joyously, in the consciousness that it is constantly approaching.

7.

A dog, or a horse passes over the most terrible abyss without hesitation, but a man cannot do so. Then how can a man, possessing an imagination that prevents him from passing over an abyss composedly, pass over the abyss of death that lies always beneath him? With regard to death he becomes an animal; he gives himself over to imagination when it hinders him, and does not make use of it when it is necessary.

8.

When men know that death has come, they pray and repent of their sins, in order to be ready to go to God with a pure soul. But every day we are dying, little by little, and at any moment we may die altogether. Hence we should not wait the hour of death, but be ready at any moment.

But to be ready for death means to live well.

Hence death always stands over men, that they should always be ready to die, and that in preparing to die, they should live well.

CXVIII

1.

True welfare lies always in our hands. It follows after a good life like a shadow.

2.

Over a hundred years ago there lived in Little Russia a wise man called Scovoroda. He was clever and learned, and the archbishops and the secular authorities offered him profitable and important positions; but he would not accept them, and spent all his life as a pilgrim.

The only property he had was what he carried in the sack on his back—a change of linen and books. All who knew him loved him, and were glad when he came into their houses. He never judged anyone, and only gave people advice when they asked him to, and was always pleased with everything. His favourite saying was:

"Thank God that he made easy all that is needful, and made hard only that which is not needful."

3.

According to the falsified teaching of Christianity, life in this world is evil, the good is only to be attained in a future life.

According to the true teaching of Christianity, the aim of life is good, and this good is to be gained here.

4.

Life of any kind whatsoever is a felicity, than which there is nothing higher. If we say that life is evil, we can say this only in comparing it with some other, better life. But we neither know, nor can we know, any other better life.

5.

We cannot understand life otherwise than as a movement toward the good. Life should be such—and it actually is, if we understand it truly.

6.

Do not believe that this life is only a passage into

another world, and that it can be well with us only there. This is untrue. It should be well with us here, in this world. And in order that it should be well with us here, in this world, we need only to live as He wills, who sent us into it. And do not say that, in order for you to live happily, everyone must lead a good life, must live according to God's will. This is not true. Live according to God's will yourself, make an effort yourself, and it will surely be well with you. The most ordinary and the most harmful delusion of men is to think that in this life they cannot gain all the felicity they desire.

7.

He who says that he feels unhappy in doing good, either does not believe in God, or else that which he considers good—is not good.

[The End]

Gandhi's Word to Americans

All India knows that half-past seven is the Mahatma's hour for evening prayer. Would Westerners, classed with "untouchables" in India, be admitted at that time, when hordes of his own followers are continually pressing upon him to make their *puja?* Apparently he favors Americans.

He had put up at the four-storied bungalow, *"Mani Bhuvan,"* belonging to a prominent Hindu family. Rather difficult of access on one of Bombay's side streets, it is not far from the famed Chaupatty Beach, scene of sacred bathing, of vast religious and political assemblies that only the Orient can muster.

Locating the bungalow, we applied for admission without identification or introduction other than personal. Immediately, we were escorted to a room one flight up, where the only two chairs in the house were offered us. Standing at each doorway were young women volunteer guards; tall, athletic, clad in blazing orange *sari* with blue serge tunic—all of *"khaddar"* (hand spun and hand woven) and a simple leather belt. Some had recently been released from jail under the Irwin-Gandhi pact.

Would we care to join in the prayers? Almost startled at the spontaneity of the invitation, we followed our guide upstairs. Reaching the fourth steep flight, we peered ahead and a portion of a large room became visible, framed about by an open doorway in the inky darkness—and such a room! The lofty walls, bluish in color, instantly impressed our imagination with the mystery of the Infinite; this, with the serene stillness of the place, created a religious atmosphere that surely gripped us. Reverently we stepped inside—a moment's pause and we blinked to find ourselves on the open roof, gazing upon the glories of an oriental starlit azure sky, above and about us!

The dark figure of the squatting Mahatma was clearly visible to the right, surrounded by two score white-clad worshippers. We squatted—but only for a minute or two, for very quietly the small audience arose and passed downstairs. Mr. Mahadeo Desai, the political secretary, approached. Mahatmaji will lie down for just a few minutes—two hours sleep is all he has been having lately—would we wait? We descended again to the lower floor and were joined by the Mahatma's guardian angel—the venerable, self-effacing Mrs. Gandhi. Yes, she said, the Mahatma was kept so busy; he had just rushed to Bombay for a final chat and to bid farewell to the departing Viceroy, Lord Irwin; to talk with Bombay's Governor, Sir Frederick Sykes, and with many another official big-wig. We mentioned the new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon,—did she think he would be approachable? The frail old lady was silent for a moment, then her eyes met ours and with a great reluctance told that no great progress was expected in personal negotiations with his Lordship; he would try to be fair, but the "give and take" attitude was hardly to be expected of him.

Would we care to see the Mahatma's cooking and eating utensils; those he used in Yeravda jail? In the adjoining room, placed on the floor, was a deal board some two feet square, this was his table. On it were three or four aluminum *chetties* (pots), a bottle of honey, plate, cup, some spoons and things, and in an old face powder pot was his famous countraband salt! We unscrewed the lid and were permitted to "steal" a souvenir sample!

Most impressive to Westerners was the "feel" of the place. If this was the "Soul force" of the Mahatma in action, it was no illusion, for certainly it had the power of putting callers, high and low, the working staff and the Mahatma's family, all on a simple and sincere basis of equality without a shred of formality. Only a real saint could be expected to create such apparent cordiality and harmony in those about him, all working for the great cause of India's freedom.

Now the Mahatma would see us! We again reached the roof and saw him stretched out on a cloth and covered with a dark blanket. He was talking earnestly in Gujerati with a squatting figure. He raised himself as we approached, held out his hand, and with a firm grasp and a shake emphasized every word of his fluent greeting in English. Then as if to voice his grateful appreciation of the generous support received from his many admirers in the United States, he exclaimed, *"you Americans are all such good sports!"*—a beaming smile, a farewell, and he plunged anew into the intricacies of his campaign.

Bombay, India. ROBERT L. STEWART.

If You Can Go Adventuring—

If you can go adventuring,
Then I'll adventure, too!
I'll find whatever life can yield—
This I may also do!

I, too, will venture forth again,
Believing in a dream,
Nor let my heart be daunted by
The things that only seem.

It must be there is happiness
For me, as well as you,
If I can seek as earnestly
For what is fine and true.

So I will go adventuring,
As earnestly as you,
Demanding all the good in life,
And beauty, as my due!

CLARA MAE BARNES

The Study Table

Oriental

Some time ago we noticed Nathaniel Peffer's "The White Man's Dilemma." His new book, "China: the Collapse of a Civilization,"[1] is less lively, but also a book of exceptional timeliness. Peffer knows China from a residence of six years at Peking, during which as a journalist he made day by day observations. After a time spent in the United States, writing and teaching, Mr. Peffer returned to China on a Guggenheim fellowship to prepare the present book. Our author's thesis is simply stated: China's present condition is the "effect of a conflict of civilizations." China had a civilization that endured for millennia; it had given a reasonable amount of happiness and comfort to the world's largest national population. The thing that has happened is that our aggressive western culture has invaded and demoralized, yes, *destroyed,* that civilization. The trader, the missionary and the soldier have done their work. Not only is the old civilization destroyed, no new civilization has taken its place. *China is no more.* It is impossible to restore the China that was: it can never come again. It is vain for the West to attempt to deal with China as if she were a strong centralized nation. She has always been a loose aggregation of local populations, each jealous of its own control. The village was the demographic and political unit. Officials of districts ruled lightly, leaving most things to village authorities. In turn, they expected a large degree of independence. "The son of Heaven" interfered little with governors and viceroys. As long as they turned in their quota of taxes to support the central government and the throne, they were left largely to themselves. Confusion and chaos have resulted from the effort to make China conform to the methods of the West. Traders have insisted on business done in their fashion and to their advantage; missionaries have assailed the very foundations of society and have attempted to turn a people from their well-articulated culture to a new, relatively crude, pattern of life. Soldiers and warships have ever been ready to act when the trader and missionary got into troubles of their own making. China was long brow-beaten, insulted and robbed; her attempts at self-defense were ruthlessly suppressed and drastically punished. There was a time when it seemed that she would be dismembered and partitioned. But 1900 and 1925-6 have had results. There is now little talk of intervention, either by one nation acting alone, or by a combination. The World War taught China many facts about the West: the white man's prestige is gone. The Republic of 1911 failed miserably; the experiment of Russian leadership has gone its way; the present government is due to go down at any moment. Whether there can be *one* China, or whether for a time there must be several, each with own government, none can say. China must become industrialized; it may be a slow process, but it has begun. China may in time become unified, but there is no "strong man" capable of producing unification now in sight. China must work out her own salvation, in her own way and her own time. Intervention, attempt to direct the process from outside, will only increase confusion, prolonging the agony. Her problem is successful industrialization. When and how are the questions. To attempt details is profitless. As Peffer himself says: "The past can be understood; the present can be observed; the future can be conjectured—that is all."

We now have an autobiography, written with charm, from each of the three old nations of the Far East: Mrs. Sugimoto's "A Daughter of the Samurai," Sheng-Cheng's "A Son of China" and Younghill Kang's "The Grass Roof." All three are delightful reading; all three are absorbingly interesting as human documents. All three give us a picture of the Oriental mind, the Eastern soul. And the picture differs of course in all three just as Japan and China and Korea differ. To say that "The Grass Roof"[2] holds its own by comparison with the two older books is high praise. The story is divided into two parts; the division is natural, but the two parts differ profoundly. The first tells the story of the little boy at home; the second deals with his life in the great world outside. Younghill Kang was a precocious child—writing poetry at three or four years; leader of his "chronological group" at seven or eight; well read in the classics, Chinese, and Korean may we say, at twelve. The home story is wonderfully well told: it not only shows us the boy himself but makes us know each and every member of the household. No words are wasted in minute details, but his pictures live. The child was high-strung, sensitive, proud, ambitious (all, by the way, definite Korean traits). At seven years of age he holds a secret meeting of his two chief helpers in his "chronological group." . . .

> We are here to take binding vows, I said, to be the greatest men in the country. I paused as I had another idea. Not in the country but in the whole world! Yun Koo and Chak-Doo-Shay looked a little doubtful, or as if they were smiling at me. In the whole world, I repeated vigorously. I caught them in the eye and tried to inspire them with my faith. Let us be modest as the bamboos, but let us be strong as these pines.

. . . Three boys seven years of age, you understand, and they sealed their vow by tattooing a small black spot on the wrist. The home became uneasy and discouraged; political changes made the horizon bleak and uncertain. The old dreams of grandeur were threatened. If he were to become *paksa* (holder of the doctor's degree) he must do so in a new way. There was no longer a Korean premier to grant the degree in proper form. He must get the new learning, he must go to great centers. So at twelve years of age he ran away from home. It was a complete break with the past—or aimed to be. In his effort to get the modern education he went to Seoul, to Tokyo, to the United States. He tells us something of his wanderings, his sufferings, his desires, his disillusions. The simple, ambitious, sensitive child becomes sophisticated, embittered. That he should indulge in flings at the Japanese is not unnatural. He is a little tricky in it all and not always accurate. His chapter *Mansei* is the most vivid description of the Independence Movement of 1919 that I have seen. It is well worth reading; partisan, of course, but one must depend upon partisan presentations anyway and one should read all sides. He makes a curious slip in referring to General Terauchi in this chapter. In speaking of *The News,* issued at the moment of trouble, he says: "The Governor General,

1. "China: The Collapse of a Civilization." Nathaniel Peffer. New York: 1930. The John Day Co. 8 vo. pp. ix. 306. Price $5.00.

2. "The Grass Roof." Younghill Kang. New York: 1931. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8 vo. pp. viii. 367. Price $3.00.

Terauchi, was particularly well supplied with two copies always." But Terauchi was not Governor General of Korea in 1919. I have long been interested in Korean poetry. It is comparable with the best of China or Japan. Still it spoils a good story to sandwich in poetry, not always pertinent to the context. I confess that after reading one or two I skipped the rest in order to get on with the story. Some day I shall go through the book again reading the poems by themselves and when his promised book of Korean poems appears I shall read it with satisfaction. Meantime "The Grass Roof" is well worth a most careful reading.

In 1899 Richard Wilhelm went to China as a missionary. He came to know the country intimately by thirty years of residence and study. When he returned to Europe he was Professor of Chinese Literature in the University of Frankfort. He died a few months ago. His books, originally written in German, are authoritative contributions to our knowledge of Chinese culture. Three of them have been translated into English—"Chinese Civilization," "The Soul of China," "Confucius and Confucianism."[3] The last is just off the press. The translation has been made by the Doctors Danton of Oberlin. The construction of the book is the simplest. The first four chapters present the life of Confucius. It is translated from the famous Historical Records of Sse-Ma Ch'ien, written in the middle of the second century B. C. It is practically the one real source regarding the life of the Sage. The second chapter is a critical examination of this life, of course Wilhelm's own work. The third chapter discusses the documents containing the Confucian teachings. Each of the classics and the Post-Confucian Writings are taken up in order and the facts regarding each—source, validity, value—are briefly but satisfactorily presented. The final chapter is devoted to specimens of the text. Enough are given from the Conversations (Analects), the Great Learning and the Doctrine of the Mean, to illustrate their character. Passages from Mencius and Hsün-tze are also given. The book is a convenient compendium, giving the essentials without waste of words or padding.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. "Confucius and Confucianism." Richard Wilhelm. New York: 1931. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 16 mo. pp. x. 181.

Correspondence

An Appreciation of Julia Ford's "Consequences"

Editor of UNITY:

Shortly after I arrived in New York (in 1928), I read in UNITY the advertisement of "Consequences." Some three months ago I received a copy of the book, but found no opportunity to read it then. A fortnight before I left New York I had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Ford, and her enthusiasm for and interest in humanity at her seventy years shamed my own pessimism which had yet to pass my thirtieth birthday. I read her book, and my enthusiasm for it has survived an Atlantic voyage and three weeks of London weather. This, then, is frankly a boost, for I want many more to read "Consequences."

I am one of those males who read the Women's Pages. I am so conversant with the hardy annuals and perennials of the beauty specialists that I believe I could conduct such a page with some originality. This weakness for the woman's province is an old secret vice of mine, and thus it was that some fifteen years ago I read Louisa Alcott's "Little Women." I do not remember a single character of that story now, and even at that time I remember I was not enthralled so much by the individuals as by their story. And the sweet effect it left on me, though now extremely vague, is one yet pleasant.

I remembered Louisa Alcott's story after I read Julia Ford's book. Her characters are not very strong personalities. Like Ramondi for example, they only yield to strong convictions and ideals. It is not, I said to myself, Julia Ford's role to create characters. Her role and her qualification is to establish precedents. This is what she has done in "Consequences." The main intention of the story is to prove the *Karma* theory—where the Opium profiteer's son unsuspectingly goes to China, only to find himself the vortex of the amazing consequences of his father's deeds. The climax where Ramondi hands over his wealth to the Chinese for a crusade against opium is an excellent and credible work of imagination. I agree that the opium trade is perhaps the worst of the legalized scandals of today and must be routed out at the earliest opportunity. But the event in Julia Ford's story that appealed to me most is the marriage of Ramondi and Sha-Mei.

To make the event eugenically successful Julia Ford gives Ramondi an Italian mother and Sha-Mei an American-Chinese parentage. But there again she has demonstrated an earlier instance of internationalism. All this Caucausian, Aryan, Nordic business is pure "bunk". Mankind never ceased to move and mix. Attila and his Huns, who lorded it over Europe and left their strain, were Mongols. It was the same race that spread over the Americas at an earlier age. In later times the Moors ruled in Europe. The Hindus of today are a mixture of Caucausian invaders and the aboriginal inhabitants of India. The "Dagoes" and "Levantines" of today once held these same "Nordics" slaves. In every country and in every age there has been the desire on the part of a certain race to regard itself exclusive. But the effort has in every case been like Mrs. Partington's to stop the Atlantic with a mop. With all this evidence staring us in the face, why should we try to bury our heads in the sand?

For obvious difficulties—of distance and difference—international marriages will not take on a "gold rush" aspect. But when they do occur, we must remember our manners and remain unsurprised. Further, at this period practical internationalism must be deliberately advocated. Most of the international marriages that now take place are between wrong types. The marriage of a Ramondi and a Sha-Mei cannot but end happily—for themselves and the world as well.

While equality of nations must precede internationalism, not until nationalism has been forgotten will peace and disarmament be possible. Up to a certain point, individuals might adopt a conscious pose of tolerance, but absolute forgetfulness of distinctions will be possible only when we have no allegiances to a country or religion. Our allegiances will then be to mankind and to civilization, and religions will then naturally constitute a part of civilization. At this date, such a prospect looks very lunar, if my readers will understand me, but the ways of destiny are strange and the most astounding changes may take place within another fifty years.

A few of us already (and possibly the children of international alliances) are willing, I am inclined to believe, to declare that we are neither Buddhists, nor Hindus, nor Christians; we are subjects neither of this country, nor of that country, but are content to be catalogued for the purposes of the census and similar needs under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. This means that we renounce nationality and organized religion and the protection which these two afford the individual.

These old theories of mine came to the surface after I read Julia Ford. But they are purely my own. The author may or may not have looked so far in telling her story, but she has related the destiny of her two principal characters without apology and that is why I am enthusiastic.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

London, England

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 306)

war, but this does not mean that now or at any other time we will say that we will support the government right or wrong.

To General MacArthur it appears to be the duty of the citizen to give over into the hands of the majority the right to decide for the individual what is right and what is wrong. Here is where we part company with him. It is true that in all collective decisions we have to sacrifice parts of individual opinion for a higher good. We will go a long way to maintain an institution so full of blessing to mankind as the collective will of the American people expressed through the American government. But to claim that the Christian must entrust conscience to any officials or anybody else in the last analysis means the end of religion.

General MacArthur says that the clergymen by refusing to sanction war are injecting the church into the affairs of the state, and endangering the principle that they claim to uphold. What does he think that they would be doing if they made the church custodian of their consciences?

The General leaves the fundamental question in the last part of his letter and makes a rather conventional argument for preparedness. Of course some of our greatest treasures from Magna Charta down have come by the use of armed force. Of course police power is force. Of course police power of the League of Nations would be a power based on force. Most clergymen know that. Most clergymen are sane men and know that force has to be used to restrain mad men and criminals and perhaps mad and criminal nations. Most clergymen also want our government kept clean and strong to defend justice everywhere. But they simply will not give over into the hands of the General Staff or Congress or anybody else the power to decide moral questions.

What a piffling descent in this dignified letter comes when the General advises clergymen to stick to the business of reforming individuals. Does he not know that now and always they realize that this is their fundamental work? And what an insult to them to tell them that the statutes exempt them from fighting. They are not concerned with that. In fact such statutes give them deep sympathy for generals whose duty keeps them in the rear. And as a piece of literature the letter becomes a burlesque when, as the climax of a paragraph on percentage of population in armed forces of various countries, the General quotes scripture about the strong man armed keeping his palace and Christ bringing not peace but a sword.

There are three things we will not do: Say that we never will participate in war; say that we will participate in any war started on any pretext any group trumps up; say that Douglas MacArthur or any other man temporarily in office, civil or military, can decide for us what is right and what is wrong.

—*The Christian Leader*

Gandhi Answers Plaint of Lancashire Industry

Manchester, England, May 6.—A spectacular protest against the economic policy of India and the boycott of Lancashire cotton goods was made by members of the Manchester Royal Exchange today.

A resolution was passed urging the government to recommend that India end the boycott and picketing and reduce the import duties on textiles.

This should be done, the resolution declared, "in the interests of both the Indian consumer and the Lancashire cotton industry."

Gandhi, replying to the resolution, said that the exclusion of foreign cloth was not a political, but an economic and social problem in which millions of half starved Indians are vitally concerned.

"Instead of agitating against the boycott, if Lancashiremen would find ways and means of disposing of their manufactures in lands where they are needed, they will save time and really promote good-will between the two countries," he declared.

Gandhi regarded the attempt to suppress peaceful picketing as fruitless.

—*Moscow News*

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